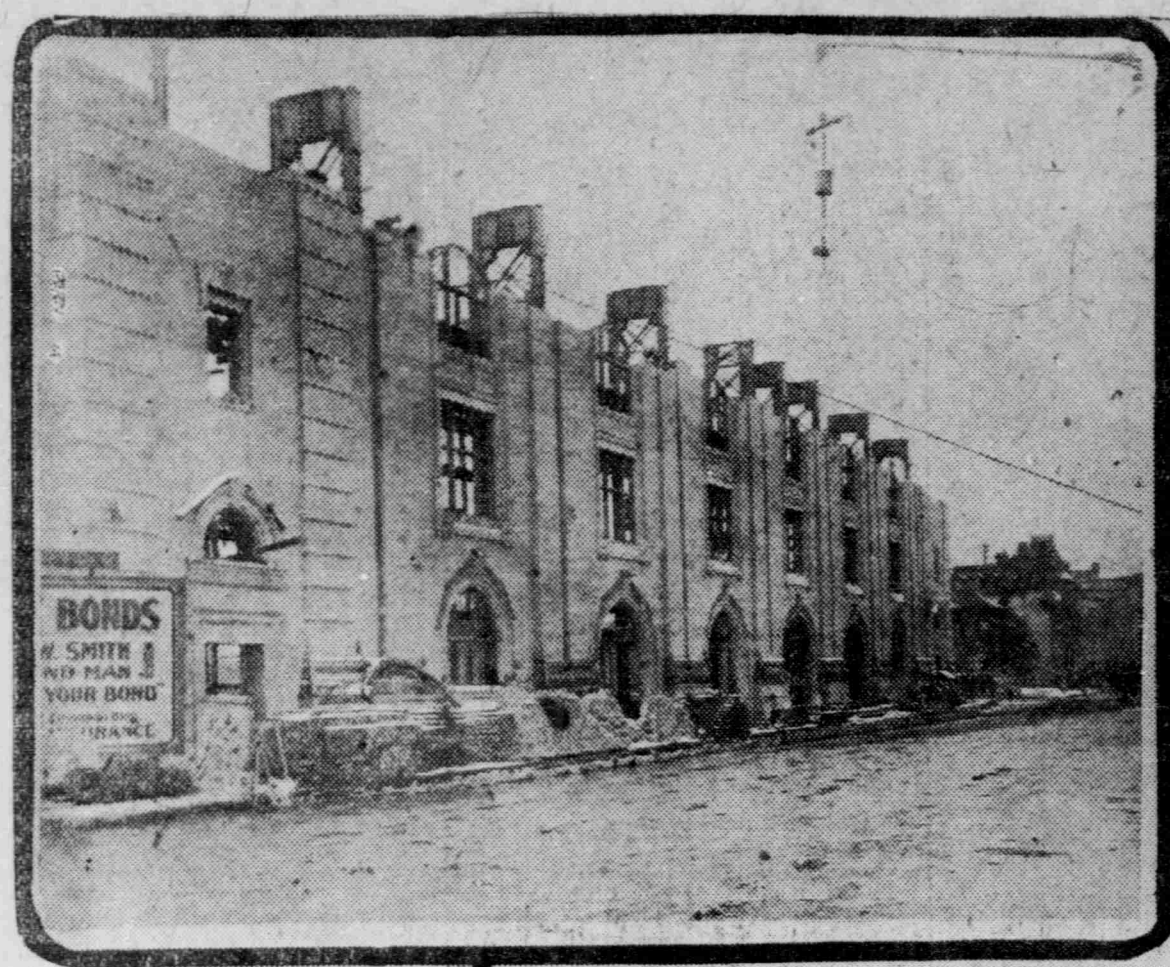


DENVER AUDITORIUM TO BE READY FOR CONVENTION



Work of Swinging Steel Roof Trusses Into Place Will Begin Today.

The Denver Auditorium will be ready by June 1 for the national Democratic convention.

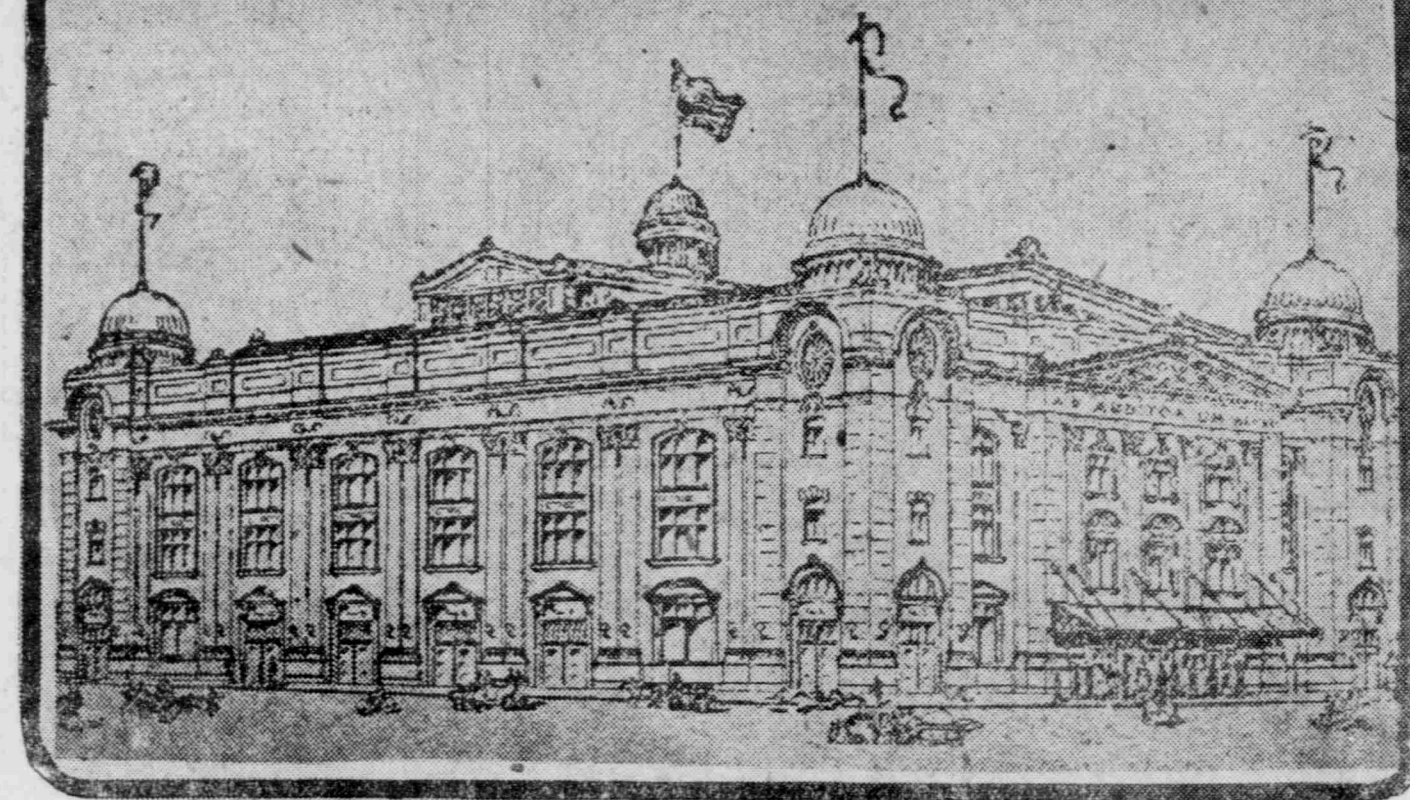
To look now at the Auditorium no one would believe this statement. At present it has a most unfinished look. In fact, while many months' work has been done on it, it seems almost a physical impossibility that it will be ready for the big show on July 7 next.

But it will, Denver has promised it, and Denver usually carries out its promises.

In this case, it will not be hard to do so. The building, while looking as though it had just been started, in the photographs, in reality is more than three-quarters finished. Four months more of work should complete the building.

Ground was broken for the foundation of the Auditorium on Jan. 1 last. The corner-stone was laid Sept. 18, 1907. Henry Schluter, the contractor, lost his contract Oct. 23, because the Auditorium committee thought he could not finish the building on time, and the work was taken up by Ralph W. Smith, vice president of the National Surety company, who is acting for his company and the Empire State Trust company of New York, and is now in personal charge of the work.

Union labor men of Denver say that the building of the Auditorium is being and has been conducted with a strict observance of union rules, and there is said to be no danger of a strike on the building.



The work of swinging the steel roof trusses into place will begin today. The building will be under cover by Feb. 1. The concrete, electrical and steam heating men are ready to begin work as soon as the roof is placed.

When completed, the Auditorium will be 168 feet wide and 260 feet long. The walls will be ninety-three feet high. It will seat 11,500 people by utilizing

aisle space. The normal seating capacity will be 9,000. The building will be equipped with a large number of committee rooms, but not enough to take care of all the committees of the national convention. Important committees will be housed at the Democratic club building, three blocks distant. The completed Auditorium will cost \$425,000. The money to build it was

raised through a sale of bonds voted by the citizens of Denver.

Building Inspector Robert Willison, who is in charge of the building since the contract was taken from Schluter, said:

"I have made a study of auditoriums in America, and I am sure that the next Democratic convention will meet in the finest hall in which any assembly of delegates ever gathered."

Building Designed to Seat 9,000 People—Total Cost Will Be \$425,000.

"From a builder's and architect's viewpoint, the Auditorium is two-thirds completed. Of 1,500 tons of steel work, 1,000 tons is in place, and about two-thirds of the brick work has been done."

"The heavy work, which necessarily requires time and prevents large forces of workmen from laboring at the same time, was completed two weeks ago. What remains to be done can be done almost as fast as we choose to push it. It is not necessary to introduce night and day work, and if the work goes on as it has in the last few weeks, we can turn the big building over to the city, completed, by May 1, 1908."

"The main hall of the Auditorium will seat exactly 11,500 people. This means that it will be one of the largest and finest in the country. It will be flexible as to the arrangement of seats and boxes. At a convention as large as the Democratic a rostrum will be stationed on the west side of the big hall for the speaker and his attendants. It will be surrounded by seats in a circular arrangement so as to bring the speaker into the unbroken view of at least 11,500 persons."

"One of the best features of the Auditorium is its acoustical properties. A speaker on the rostrum will be able to throw his voice to the extreme corners of the hall in the ordinary tone of a speaker's voice, as readily as to those near him. In this respect, the hall will be the finest in the United States."

"Well?" demanded Mr. Drayton, unable to contain himself longer.

"A wfully jolly view," drawled Abbington, languidly. "Might almost be England, you know. If it wasn't for those frame houses. That donkey cart going along the road is not half bad, ye know—reminds me of home, rather."

Mr. Drayton turned and gave his guest one look of unmitigated disgust, then made for the house without a word.

Abbington extracted a cigarette from his case and gazed after him regretfully, then strolled slowly down in the direction of the river. Arrived at its edge, he seated himself slyly upon a stone.

"I fancy that fetched him," he mused to himself.

A rustle in the bushes close at hand caused him to look around expectantly and his eyes fell upon Abbington, who was walking swiftly toward him. The boy's face was bloodless and both hands were clenched.

"Hullo!" remarked Abbington, rising to his feet. "What's up, Algy?"

The boy did not answer, but stood facing him, his lips twitching and a curious glitter in his eyes.

"I followed you down here," began Abbington, with an odd quiver in his voice, "to tell you just what I think of you—you mean, underbred hound!"

Abbington colored more in surprise than anger.

"Well," he asked quietly.

"I know that you are my guest, and all of that," continued the boy, his voice breaking as he proceeded. "But since you have disregarded the fact I am a guest, I shall no longer regard you as my guest. You stay in your own country, where you belong," he went on passionately, "instead of coming over here to break my sister's heart!"

"You know what I mean, you mean-spirited pup! You've made love to her, and got engaged to her, and now you're tired of her and want to break the whole thing up. Oh, you needn't stare—you've made it plain enough!"

Abbington's jaw dropped at this new phase of the comedy, and he stood the picture of confessed and embarrassed guilt. The sight of him seemed to infuriate the boy.

"I'll teach you, you scoundrel!" he raged, and before Abbington could guess his purpose he had leaped upon him like a wildcat and struck him twice in the face.

"Hi, there—hold on!" exclaimed the startled Englishman. He gripped both of the boy's shoulders in his shrewd hands and held him at arm's length. For a moment Abbington struggled wildly, then suddenly burst into tears.

"She's crying her eyes out!" he sobbed. "Father's raging around and swearing that he'll see her in grave before she marries you, and she says—that she never loved any one but you, and never will marry any one else, and—Ouh—leggo my shoulder, d— you!"

"Listen to me, Algy!" cried Abbington, imperatively, and there was a note in his voice that checked the boy's sobs. "I love Eleanor like—like the devil, and I've told her so. Yesterday she said that she didn't love me and didn't want to marry me, and asked me as a favor to make myself so beastly disagreeable that her father would break the thing up. D'ye see?"

"You've done it, all right," said the boy miserably, and but half convinced. "Yes, but hang it all!" began Abbington in perplexity.

"I guess it was just the contrariness

of girls," observed the mollified Algy. "But you've certainly made a mess of it between you. Anyway, she's in love with you now, whether she was yesterday or not."

Lord Abbington groaned. "I'm sorry I hit you, Abbington—began Algy."

"Oh, rot, Algy, you're a brick—let's go up and try and straighten out this infernal tangle—what?"

They hastened to the house where, at the threshold, they were met by the outraged parent.

"Lord Abbington," he began in a sort of pompous rage, "let me tell you right now, sir, that this miserable engagement with my daughter is all off."

There was a swift rustle behind him and a weeping lady with a disheveled head of golden hair swept quickly past him and was caught in the strong arms of her betrothed.

"Mordant," she sobbed, "I do love you, dear. I have loved you all the time, but I only found it out last night!"

"Eleanor!" cried the traitor father, "have you no pride or modesty? Go to your room instantly."

He made a gesture as if to draw her back, but Abbington reached out a restraining arm.

"I say—hold on a minute, will you? It's all a miserable mistake—"

"I'll cut her off—she'll not have a penny, sir!"

"Glad of it. We'll get married anyway—won't we, Eleanor?"

"Father," interrupted Abbington, "if you will step into the library for a moment I will tell you something which will explain the whole affair."

"Yes, Mr. Drayton—it's really all right, ye know. You go with Algy—there's a good fellow—what?" cried Abbington beseechingly.

Dazed and bewildered, Mr. Drayton allowed himself to be led away, and soon to the ears of the two nestling closely on the window seat, came a sudden burst of genuine laughter. A moment later he emerged, and there was a suspicion of moisture in his eyes, such as his daughter had never seen before. He walked straight to Eleanor, kissed her on the forehead and held out his hand to Abbington.

"All's well that ends well," my children," he said. "But it was a bit rough on the old man, now wasn't it?"

"It was jolly rough on all of us," replied Abbington, with deep feeling.

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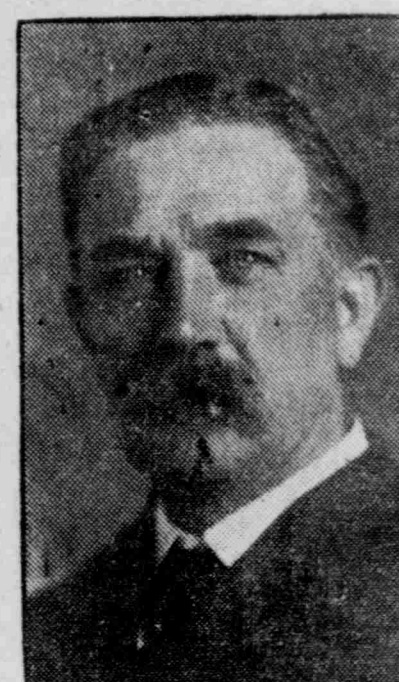
5-11 Commercial Block. Salt Lake City.

Western Loan & Savings Co.

ESTABLISHED 1892.

No. 49 East First South St.

Salt Lake City, Utah.



P. W. MADSEN,
President and Manager.



H. M. H. LUND,
Assistant Secretary and Cashier.

Comparison of the Business 1903 and 1907

RESOURCES.	1907	1903
Cash on hand	\$17,562 25	\$12,094 50
Loans on real estate (first mortgages)	641,708 25	425,488 99
Loans on general stock	7,400 00	14,343 15
Sundry accounts, receivable	688 75	50 35
Savings deposits and "S" stock	1,211 17	832 30
Insurance and taxes advanced for borrowers	2,575 42	2,369 23
Advanced costs and expenses in foreclosures	28,306 43	24,132 48
Real estate		508 08
Office furniture and fixtures discounted		
	\$701,657 25	\$479,559 08
LIABILITIES.	1907	1903
Permanent reserve fund, capital stock	\$7,500 00	\$7,500 00
General fund, capital stock	10,000 00	3,700 00
Paid up stock	28,220 00	18,100 00
Installments paid on stock	24,757 15	215,640 45
Savings deposits and "S" stock	34,680 62	7,315 69
Sundry accounts payable	600 00	2,944 41
Balance due on buildings under construction	15,927 58	
Partial payments on loans	144,130 89	24,746 35
Surplus	15,542 56	19,512 78
Undivided profits for last 5 months	20,778 30	
	\$701,657 25	\$479,559 08

Six per cent interest paid on savings deposits and paid up stock. Withdrawable on regular savings terms. Interest payable semi-annually. Investment stocks are earning from 8 to 10 per cent. Loans are made on real estate on monthly installments.

STATE OF UTAH.

OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF STATE.
Salt Lake City, Utah, March 8, 1908.

To Whom it May Concern: Pursuant to the duty imposed upon this office by the laws of the State of Utah, a recent examination has been made of the Western Loan & Savings Company, as a result of which it is the opinion of this office that said company is operating under a safe and conservative plan in accordance with its charter, by-laws and the state laws; that it is being honestly, competently and economically managed, and that it is now in a good financial condition.

(Signed) C. S. TINGEY,
Secretary of State.

THE STATE OF MONTANA.

STATE EXAMINER'S OFFICE.
T. E. Collins, State Examiner. Helena, Montana, January 12, 1908.

To Whom it May Concern: In December, 1907, a careful examination of the Western Loan & Savings Company of Salt Lake City, Utah, was made by myself and assistant, in which we ascertained by actual inspection the assets, liabilities and management. The Company was found solvent, in excellent financial condition, and the business is well managed for the best interest of its stockholders.

(Signed) F. H. RAY,
Assistant State Examiner of Montana.

OFFICERS AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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THE STRATEGY OF ABBINGTON

Continued from Page 7.

trust," he went on, looking at Eleanor with an expression which she had learned to dread, "that nothing occurred to disturb him, Eleanor?"

"I—think that he must have heard some bad news," answered the girl. "He seemed rather irritable."

"That's no reason why he should vent it on you, Eleanor," exclaimed her brother, heatedly. "I think he's a surly brute. I wish you'd chuck him over, Sis!"

Mr. Drayton turned to his son with an expression about his heavy jaw that was not pleasant to see.

"You will be so good as to keep your opinions to yourself, Algermon," he observed in a hard voice. "Your sister and I are competent to arrange this matter without any outside assistance. You will treat your brother-in-law to be with the respect which his position deserves, sir! Do you understand?"

The blood rushed into the boy's face and his eyes filled suspiciously. He arose suddenly and walked away.

Late in the afternoon as Abbington was returning from the trout stream he came suddenly upon his host, who was giving some orders to the gardener.

"Well, Mordant, what luck?" asked Mr. Drayton, throwing as much bonhomie as was possible into his somewhat querulous voice.

"Rather poor, thanks," replied Abbington, briefly, at the same time emptying the meager contents of his creel upon the well-kept lawn. Five suspiciously small trout and one half-pounder was all that he could show as the result of four hours' skillful effort.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Drayton, admiringly. "That big fellow is the best fish that I have seen this season. Where did you get him?"

"About half a mile above the dam. Just after I hooked him a little spadger came running down the bank and said that I had no business to fish there. I sent him about his business, and a few minutes later he came back with a couple of louts at his heels who told me to get out. They checked me until I lost my temper and smashed 'em. They went off then and pretty soon they came back with an old gaffer in a smoking jacket and sandy whiskers."

"That was my neighbor, Mr. Miller!" cried the agonized Mr. Drayton.

"Right you are," replied Abbington indifferently. "He told me that I was poaching on his preserve, but he seemed to be a decent old chap and apparently knew who I was, for he told me to go ahead and enjoy myself. That made me a bit sore, so I declined, and as he asked me up to his house and as I was a bit dry I went."

"Dear me, Mordant," exclaimed his host in despair. "I'm very sorry that you should have had any unpleasantness, especially with a vulgar man like Miller."

"Not a bit of it," interrupted his guest, warmly. "He was very decent, although he did seem a bit vexed when I told him that I had understood from you that you owned the whole stream."

"But I never told you anything of the sort!" interrupted his host, anger for the moment displacing diplomacy.

"No!" replied Abbington, in surprise. "Come to think it over, I fancy you're right. No harm done. I gave his keepers a couple of dollars for liniment and

went with the old boy. He's got some of the best Scotch I've tasted in this infernal country, and a ripping looking daughter!" he added with enthusiasm.

Mr. Drayton's face grew dangerously purple, especially as he observed that his gardener was turning away slyly, his head and coughing suspiciously.

"Well," he resumed with an effort, "I'm glad he took it so well. Mordant, come, it's time to dress for dinner."

Socially, dinner was even less of a success than luncheon. After dinner the whist table was brought out and the Englishman and his charming, though frightened fiancée, beat the master of the house and his son with an ease that was almost insulting, and which sent the elder Drayton fuming up to the library. Abbington shortly retiring, Eleanor and Abbington were left alone.

"Scored again," observed the guest, carefully selecting one of his host's best cigars. "What d'ye think of running so far?"

Eleanor's face was a study and for a moment she did not reply.

"I think," she said at length, rather frostily, "that possibly your efforts are a trifle extreme, Lord Abbington. I should hardly expect a man of your traditions to be rude to his host, and as for what you told him about your flirtation with that common Miller girl—that is indecent if not positively indecent!"

Lord Abbington arose and walked to the fireplace under pretense of ridding himself of the tip of his cigar; really to hide the somewhat expansive smile that arose to his patrician lips.

"You do her an injustice, Eleanor. Really, when you get to know her she's an uncommon fine girl. Smashing looker—what?"

"It seems to me that you have lost no time in getting to know her," observed Eleanor, icily.

"She's very sympathetic," observed Abbington.

"Then possibly when you have rid yourself of present obligations you might try again in that quarter. Mr. Miller's fortune is quite equal to father's!"

"I'd thought of that," admitted Abbington, his face still averted.

Eleanor's bosom rose and fell convulsively. All of the color had returned to her charming face and her great blue eyes sparkled with anger. She drew the light cashmere shawl up over her bare, rounded shoulders and about the full white neck.

"You seem to have very quickly recovered from the malady to which you were sufficiently artistic to refer—"

"My headache? Oh, they never last more than an hour or two, you know!" Eleanor turned-up little nose described a greater angle.

"I was referring less to your physical condition than to your declaration—of—of—"

There was the suspicion of tears in the sweet voice, and at the sound Abbington turned so quickly that she was startled.

"About my having got to love you, Eleanor?" he demanded fiercely. "And do you think that I will ever outlive that? Can't you see that the whole wretched business is hurting me no end? Do you think that it's a lark to be a nasty man who with all his shortcomings has opened his heart and home to you? Whose suggestion was it, anyway, I should like to know?"

Her golden head sank forward and the swimming blue eyes were fastened upon the tiger skin rug at her feet. The beast's great gaping jaws were beneath her little bronze-shod feet, and the

fiere glaring eyes seemed to catch the ruddy blaze of the piano lamp at her side and glint back maliciously, hypnotizing her and numbing the power of speech.

"Then do you—still—intend to—marry?" she asked, finally.

"Marry! Oh, I suppose so—after the first hurt is gone, you know," he answered moodily. "A chap's got to do the right thing by his people, you know—and his responsibilities. Oh, yes—I suppose I'll do my duty and take my medicine in the end, even if I don't much fancy the prescription—what?"

There was a silence of a minute or more.

"I think, Mordant," Eleanor began softly, "that we had better leave things—as they were. I can't bear to think that—that—I—"

"Nonsense, Eleanor!" he interrupted roughly, "you're a good-hearted little girl—and I appreciate your sacrifice tremendously—and all of that, you know. If I wasn't head-over-ears in love with you I would go right ahead and marry you in cold blood, I believe—but as it is, the way you feel ye know, I'd be no end of a cad. It's painful, I'll allow, but the—oh—your father won't last much longer. If he hadn't been so bewildered today would have done for him."

The heavy foot of the elder Drayton being heard at that moment, the topic was discontinued.

The Earl of Abbington arose the following morning with the full determination to bring the intensely unpleasant situation to a close before the lapse of another day. On entering the breakfast room the curt nod and brief word of greeting which he received from his host, whose wounds had festered over time, convinced him that this would not prove difficult.

Breakfast passing without undue hilarity, Abbington and his father-in-law elect lighted cigars and strolled out upon the lawn.

As they stepped clear of the veranda Abbington happened to catch sight of Eleanor at an open window above. With a gesture of impatience he threw aside his newly lighted cigar, one of a brand on which his host particularly prided himself.

"I say, Eleanor!" he called, "just fetch me down my pipe and tobacco pouch when you come, will you? You'll find them on the table in the library."

Mr. Drayton stifled with difficulty a sudden snort of rage.

"Don't you like that cigar, Mordant?" he asked in a voice that was a trifle thick.

"Why—er—I—er—Yes, yes, very much," replied Abbington in the tone of one determined to be polite no matter what the cost to his veracity. "But I'm rather used to a pipe, you know."

The blood rushed to Mr. Drayton's face, but he stifled his anger with an effort. He led the younger man a little further from the house to where a slight eminence afforded an extended view of the surrounding landscape.

As he gazed out across the smiling prospect the vexation faded from the face of the proprietor, and with an expression of complacent pride he turned to his companion.

"Just cast your eye over that, Mordant," he exclaimed. "Did you ever see anything handsomer?"

The chin of the Englishman was slightly elevated as, with a deliberate and critical calmness that came near wrecking the nervous system of his host, he slowly surveyed the panorama before him.